

The Rise of the Mystic Iron Blade

by HappieHope

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Summary: Light, a lonely orphan who has few ties to the world, wants to try to make the world fully peaceful mainly due to the one who raised him. Will he discover the way to peace, or will tragedy take him to madness? On a formidable adventure that will leave you entirely emersed. I bring you the madness that will ensue. (Based around an Oc I made and is not exactly cannon). No pair yet?

The Rise of the Mystic Iron Blade

****Disclaimer:** I don't own anything except my own created, original character.**

Ever wondered about you? What you _are_? Who you _are? _Your lineage... I've never known.

My first memories were of deviously innocent freckles of snow gliding down from the endless white sky above. The old man taking me in and giving me the warmth that I cherished. Smells of iron and steel were almost always present; the land was known for it after all. Frost gnaws at everyone, giving resistance to it at an early age. Fading, the horrible nips of the potent air becomes welcoming and expected.

Once I remember getting a wooden stick, smooth and refined, pristine and cool, strong and reliable. It wasn't an ordinary stick, most certainly not. For it was my training stick, my very own personal sword. Yes it was wooden, yes it wasn't ever going to be a threat. But it was mine, and I finally had something solely to myself. I wasted no time in using it. Firstly I watched. The ones who were under the old man and who took their training seriously unknowingly thought me a lot, not as much as I know now but lots none the less. My fifth 'birthday' as I was told it was, was when I got my first sword. Probably too young for most, however I was considered a genius, the word which I detest it makes everyone think either white

or black about me nothing actually about _me. _Anyway I got a sword. Made of the strongest materials native to the land I was raised on, the sword also had no curve, no hilt, nothing outstanding, it was simple. Which made it better, the seal which was placed on it made it anything but basic, yet the design was how I liked it, which was why I loved it, again something was mine.

Swords weren't the only thing I got that year. While training in my sword skills, I decided meditation was the best way to start and to stop. That's how I found it. Unbeknownst to anyone - including me- I managed to produce rapid bright blue swirls and an aura of the same colour. The magical blue flames that surrounded me was revealed to be chakra. The life force which is in everyone. What I didn't know at the time was how some people harnessed it and use it to do cool things. Although some couldn't and there where great nations who had huge viliages where the strongest of the chackra users live. They eventually told me about Shinobi and the go kage who sounded rather scary. Despite that I wanted to meet them all.

While I focused on my swordsmanship, I did delve deeper into this chakra. Finding that I myself could control it, the area I was raised in had an extensive library, full of things throughout the lands. I've read all about chakra and how to control it better. This all lead up to me wanting to give back to the old man who was so kind to me, I wanted to show him that I wasn't going to be a waste of his time. I would be someone who could be worthy of his apprenticeship.

Six years old, standing down one of the strongest and wise people of all the great nations. The old man was towering over me, both holding our wooden Swords out ready to see my improvements. The black clothes that covered me were only distorted by the purple sash wrapped around my waste. My red eyes starred at the impressive top condition armour the old man adorned through my snowy white hair. His eyes grey and wise as was his facial hair. The rest covered in wraps. Then we both nodded our heads, it was now or never to me.

Six years old, and I make the first move, rushing towards my opponent to prove everything I have. The speed I had was barely anything to be worried about, that's why when I eventually got to the old man his sword was already countering my swing. I still carried out my arc towards him, but as anticipated the swing was countered effortlessly. Pushing my strength away with his I swivelled around at a commendable pace to jab at his wide open side. However I was nothing compared to the master of swords. He brought up his knees before I could get close and hit my gut, hard. I instantly began coughing and stumbling backwards. Trying to gather my bearings with tremendous amounts of effort, I charge again.

Closing in on the old man once again I try to outsmart him by going to swing downward then as fast as possible change my swing to hit him. My plan in place I go for the courageous swing and the master's mighty training sword was already there to deflect it. Now! I narrowed my gaze to look for the easiest opening and I altered my swing to suit the area I wanted to hit. A triumphant grin spread across my face as the sword was just about to hit him... Then it didn't, confused I looked up and saw that the old man used his sword to block mine at the hilt. Not wanting to lose this without proving that I was worth something, I force my leg out in a feeble kick. Which was easily dodged and retorted with a soft swing of the sword I

tried to protect against it but I left myself wide open and the sword crashed down on my shoulder, turning to my pale neck. I had lost. I had no skill. I had nothing.

Small tears fling out of my eye and I whisper "Gomen'nasai Mifune-sama" lowering my sword and I turn to go train some more

"Wait. Come here Light" the reply was simple but could mean so much to me. I return to the old man and look at him in the eyes, which were of understanding and pride... But why, I lost so easily and he wasn't even trying! "Look Light, you did well. Your tactics and abilities are indeed strong. But they can always be improved. Remember also that it is not just your abilities and strategies... It is also your will, and having a strong will always will take you far." He looked down at me, not condescending but supportive. I took a nod, I know it would not be easy, yet I said it anyway.

"Mifune-sama, I will beat you one day, I will meet all the kage and I will bring peace to all lands and not just the land of iron. I know this is anything but easy, that is something I will have to conquer, so don't worry about me Mifune-sama." The wise and well regarded samurai looked at me, all in all: I was a mess but he still nodded his head.

"You'll go far and wide, that I know. Your abilities will be exceptional and I know that you one day may become a strong Shinobi or samurai." The truth from his voice filled me and made me determined. I would become strong, not just physically but in every aspect I can. I know I can, Mifune-oji believed I could, and I won't let him down now!

**A/N: **_light will be rather perceptive and intelligent but not arrogant or annoying (hopefully?)_

Naruto will feature in this, as will all the normal Naruto cast.

Again I don't own anything except light.

Just to clarify Light is an orphan and is being raised by Mifune (because I don't see it ever done)

In case you don't know this is my first ever story thing so yeah, hope you like it. Anything you wish to tell me about, I will take into consideration.

Thank you and TBC

End
file.